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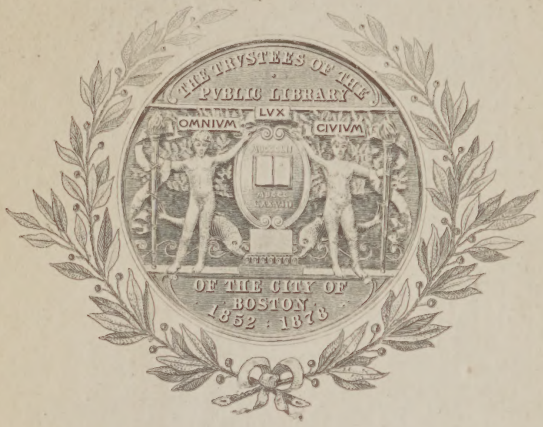

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THE LOTOS CLUB.

President,

FRANK H. MUDGE.

Vice-President,

BENJ. H. BRADLEE.

Secretary-Treasurer,

G. HOMER GREEN.

Directors,

J. AUSTIN FYNES,

E. H. GREEN, W. S. STUBBS,

W. R. BLODGETT, G. S. BALCH.

Orator of the Evening . . CORREL KENDALL.

Poet of the Evening . . . G. HOMER GREEN.

Historian . . . . . EDGAR M. WHITE.

Toastmaster . . . . . J. AUSTIN FYNES.

First Anniversary Banquet.

YOUNG'S HOTEL,

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

Club Night, 1880.

Air, — "Fair Harvard."

I.

Oh! how little we think, who delight in these joys,
That the present shall come ne'er again;
That the past, with its mem'ries so dear to "Our Boys,"
Is a dream, left to cheer us when men.
Let Fate do her worst: there are visions we share
Which the future can never efface;
And the burthen of life will seem lighter to bear,
When such mem'ries our manhood shall grace.

II.

'Round the circle of mirth let the hearts that are gay
Be as joyously filled to the last,
Ere the faint rosy tints of a newly born day
Shall proclaim that our "Club Night" is past.
For the springtime of life is the sweetest we know,
With the roses of Youth in their bloom;
And the fragrance of Love is a gift they bestow
On the ashes they bring to the tomb!

James Austin Fynes.

ric 73592 124

MENU.

OYSTERS ON SHELL.

SOUP.

Green Turtle aux Quenelles. Printanière à la Royal.

FISH.

Chicken Halibut au Gratin. Smelts à la Tartar.

REMOVES.

Chicken Partridge with Cauliflower. Young Turkey.
Fillet of Beef aux Champignons.

ENTREES.

Vol au vent of Oysters. Chicken Croquettes.
Banana Fritters à la Cognac. Lamb Cutlets, French Peas.

RELEVE.

Roman Punch.

GAME.

Black Duck. Reed Birds.
Plover.

SWEETS.

Parisienne Soufflé. Charlotte Russe.
Wine Jellies. Frozen Pudding.
Cream Méringues.

DESSERT.

Oranges. Pears. Grapes. Bananas.
Nuts. Raisins. Ice Cream.
Sherbet. Coffee.

"LOTOS LEAVES";

OR,

*2359a.124

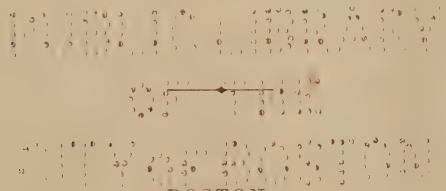
A NIGHT IN OCTOBER.

BEING A

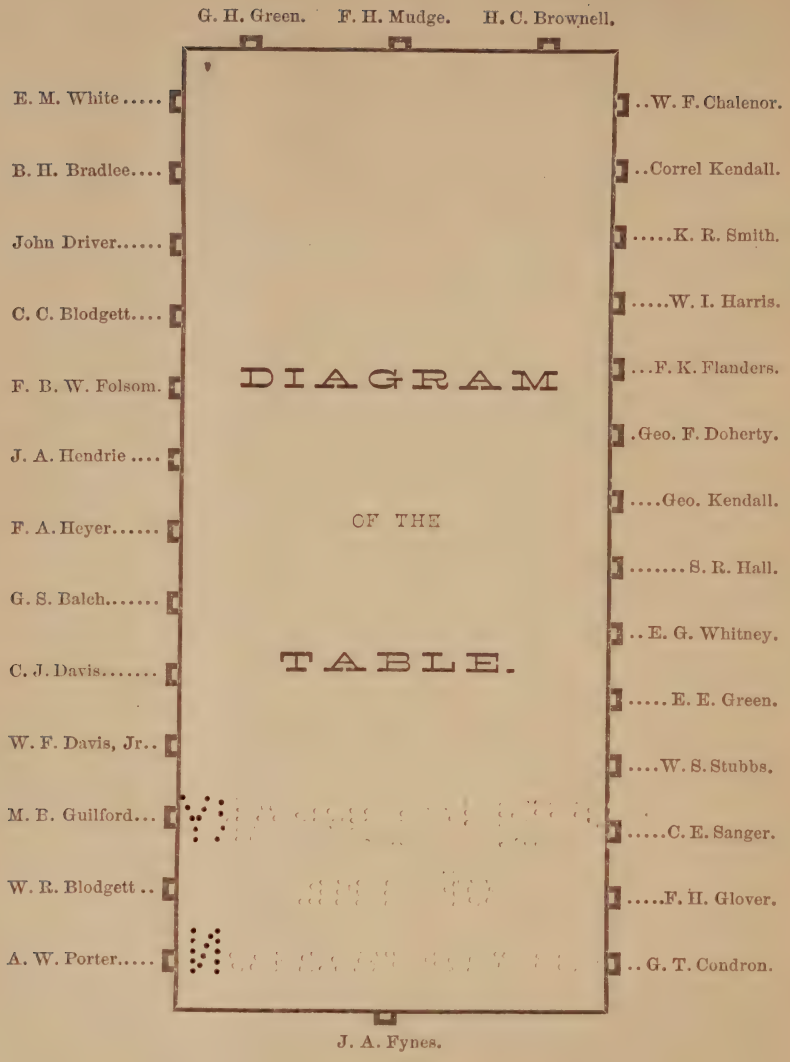
COMPLETE AND OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF THE BOSTON LOTOS CLUB.

Young's Hotel, Saturday Evening, October 2, 1880.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY J. AUSTIN FYNES.



BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE LOTOS CLUB.
1880.



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Apr. 22, 1913
J.

"Lotos Leaves."

AT a regular semi-monthly meeting of the Boston Lotos Club, held at the club parlors on the evening of Aug. 25, Mr. E. H. Green offered an order providing that a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to arrange and complete preparations for an anniversary dinner to be held on the evening of Oct. 2, said committee to act also as a reception committee, and to have full power in all details pertaining to the affair. Provision was also made for a special amendment to the constitution, allowing the third semi-annual election of officers to be held on the same evening. The motion prevailed unanimously, and the Chair, President Frank H. Mudge, appointed the following gentlemen to constitute the committee: Messrs. Charles C. Blodgett, Edward H. Green, Correl Kendall, J. Austin Fynes, and Frank H. Mudge. The committee as appointed immediately proceeded to business, and organized by the choice of Mr. Blodgett as chairman and treasurer. It was deemed advisable that the assessment on each member should not exceed $5.00; and a subcommittee, Messrs. Mudge and Fynes, were authorized to arrange with Messrs. Hall & Whipple, of Young's Hotel, for about thirty plates at that price. It was voted, in session of the full committee, that the election of officers should occur before the banquet; that the old board of officers should preside; that an orator, historian, and toast-master be appointed; and that assessments be collected at once. Mr. White was selected as historian, Mr. Kendall as orator, and Mr. Fynes as toast-master; and at the next regular meeting of the Club, the committee reported all the details completed, and the affair promising to be a signal success. The Club, with its usual appreciation and promptitude, tendered the committee a vote of thanks; and soon assessments were paid to the treasurer at such a rate as to leave no doubt of the enthusiasm prevailing among the members over the proposed birthday banquet.

This interest was perhaps increased by the fact of the tickets being placed in the field, prior to the forthcoming election, and nightly the parlors of the Club were thronged by the adherents of all sides. Probably no canvass was ever

more carefully made than that preceding this election, and excitement ran high as the claims of the different candidates were discussed. Amid this general feeling of mingled interest and excitement, — which, by the way, only served to increase the attendance at the dinner, — the subcommittee completed the final arrangements with the hotel proprietors, arranged the order of exercises, etc., etc., and submitted its last report. The full committee then issued its second and last circular, urging those few members who had not thus far responded to the invitation, to do so at once, asking for prompt payment of the remaining assessments, and requesting that each member be present at the business meeting at a quarter to seven, so that the election might be finished in time for dinner, at eight. The last preliminary canvass was completed, the mysterious confabs in every corner ended, the faithful final promises, pledges, and vows exchanged, official bargains sealed for the last time; and the first year of the young Club's life went out amid the fervor of a most hotly contested preliminary struggle for office.

Precisely at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, Oct. 2, President Frank H. Mudge called to order the members assembled in the reception-room at Young's, and requested the secretary to call the roll. The following gentlemen responded to their names: Messrs. Mudge, Bradlee, Driver, Smith, E. E. Green, G. H. Green, Chalenor, Heyer, Balch, Condron, W. F. Davis, Jr., Hendrie, C. J. Davis, Dinsmore, George Kendall, White, Fred'k Kendall, J. T. Fynes, Sanger, Stubbs, Hall, Doherty, J. A. Fynes, Correl Kendall, Porter, Folsom, C. C. Blodgett, W. R. Blodgett, Whitney, Guilford, Dix, and Harris. Total present, thirty-two. On motion the reading of minutes of previous meeting was dispensed with. No new members were proposed, the constitution requiring such action to be taken at *regular* meetings only. There was no unfinished business, and the Club immediately proceeded to the transaction of new business. Mr. Fynes moved that a committee of two be appointed by the chair, to receive, sort, and count ballots for the third semi-annual election. The motion was seconded and carried. Mr. Fynes suggested Mr. Harris, and Mr. Blodgett proposed Mr. Bradlee as his representative; and the Chair appointed these gentlemen. There were eight different tickets in the field, viz.: The Winning Ticket (with photographs), Lotos Club Union Ticket, Regular Ticket, New Deal Ticket, Anniversary Ticket, Combination Ticket, Strength in Union Ticket, and a ticket bearing only the presidential and vice-presidential nominations. Pasters bearing the names of E. H. Green, E. G. Whitney, and K. R. Smith, candidates for the Board of Directors, were also distributed. The ballots were collected, and the committee retired. Mr. F. K. Flanders shortly afterwards arriving, a discussion ensued upon the legality of admitting his vote. Mr. Blodgett called for a standing vote, and his motion to receive Mr. Flanders' ballot was defeated, fourteen members voting nay, and thirteen voting aye. Mr. Blodgett moved that Mr. Frank H. Glover, whose services to the Club had been inestimable, be allowed to participate in the banquet, and his

motion prevailed unanimously. Ex-member Harry C. Brownell, arriving at this point, was received with applause, and his smiling countenance plainly evinced his pleasure at the warm reception accorded him by the "boys." Mr. Harris, of the committee, reported that they had attended to their duties, and with the following result: —

Whole number of votes cast	32
Necessary to a choice	17

For President.

J. Austin Fynes had	18
Frank H. Mudge had	13
Ed. H. Green had	1

For Vice-President.

C. C. Blodgett had	19
W. F. Davis, Jr., had	13

For Secretary-Treasurer.

Correl Kendall had	16
E. M. White had	13
K. R. Smith had	3

For Directors.

A. W. Porter had	30
W. F. Chalenor had	28
E. G. Whitney had	27
W. I. Harris had	18
G. S. Balch had	14
E. H. Green had	14
F. B. W. Folsom had	11
G. H. Green had	8
W. R. Blodgett had	3
K. R. Smith had	3
F. K. Flanders had	2
F. M. Dix had	1
J. A. Fynes had	1

There being no choice for a fifth director, it was moved to proceed to another ballot. Mr. G. Homer Green withdrew his name in favor of Mr. E. H. Green.

Mr. Fynes expressed a hope that courtesy alone would return Mr. Balch to the board; and the ballot resulted in Mr. Balch's election by a very flattering vote. On motion of Mr. Mudge, the vote on all the officers was made unanimous; and the Club then formed and marched to the banquet hall, where plates had been laid for thirty-one members, who occupied positions in accordance with the plan found elsewhere. The banquet table was very prettily and tastefully arranged, extending the entire length of the apartment: and the *menu*, handsomely printed on thick bevelled bristol, bore on the first page: —

FIRST ANNIVERSARY BANQUET.

THE LOTOS CLUB.

YOUNG'S HOTEL, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

On the second page: —

THE LOTOS CLUB.

President,

FRANK H. MUDGE.

Vice-President,

BENJAMIN H. BRADLEE.

Secretary-Treasurer,

G. HOMER GREEN.

Directors,

E. H. GREEN, J. AUSTIN FYNES, G. S. BALCH,
W. R. BLODGETT, W. S. STUBBS.

Orator of the Evening	CORREL KENDALL.
Poet of the Evening	G. HOMER GREEN.
Toast-master	J. AUSTIN FYNES.
Historian	E. M. WHITE.

On the third page: —

MENU.

OYSTERS ON SHELL.

SOUP.

Green Turtle aux Quenelles. Printanière à la Royal.

FISH.

Chicken Halibut au Gratin. Smelts à la Tartar.

REMOVES.

Chicken Partridge with Cauliflower. Young Turkey.
Filet de Bœuf aux Champignons.

ENTREES.

Vol au vent of Oysters. Chicken Croquettes.
Banana Fritters à la Cognac. Lamb Cutlets. French Pease.

RELEVE.

ROMAN PUNCH.

GAME.

Black Duck. Reed Birds.
Plover.

SWEETS.

Parisienne Soufflé. Charlotte Russe.
Wine Jellies. Frozen Pudding.
Cream Méringues.

DESSERT.

Oranges. Pears. Grapes Bananas.
Nuts. Raisins. Ice Cream.
Sherbets. Café. Cigars. Cigarettes.
Apollinaris.

On the fourth page of the *menu* appeared, under the title "Club Night, 1880," the Club ode, to the air of *Fair Harvard*, original words by J. Austin Fynes, and which will be found printed elsewhere.

Upon reaching their places at the table the members were addressed by President Mudge as follows: —

GENTLEMEN: I need not call your attention to the fact that the excellent *menu* provided for us will require considerable hard study for a while. On such an occasion as this, the first annual anniversary of our Club, I feel pretty sure your appetites will be found equal to the task before you; therefore I welcome you to our first birthday banquet.

It is needless, perhaps, to record that the members proved fully equal to the agreeable labor of satisfying the inner man; and for upwards of an hour, the merry clatter of knife and fork was heard far above the sounds of laughter, wit, and repartee which circulated around the festive board. Of the gay circle at the upper end of the table, who will ever forget Bradlee's boyish, laughing face, Driver's funny jokes, Homer Green's characteristic shouts of mirth, or Kim Smith's serenely happy countenance? while the memory of Condron's horrible puns, of Sam Hall's rather rosy features, of Porter's comic "sketches," or of Billy Blodgett's fearful attemps at "dinner French," will long haunt those of the lower end, and remain with them as a pleasant souvenir of a happy night. When the dessert had been finished and cigars lit, the waiters vanished, the doors were closed, and President Mudge, calling the table to order, introduced as historian of the evening the first secretary-treasurer of the Club, one of its founders and projectors, Mr. Edgar M. White. Mr. White was received with long-continued and hearty applause, and delivered the following: —

HISTORY OF THE LOTOS CLUB.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: During the fall of 1879, some two months before the formation of the LOTOS CLUB, there resided in a private family at the South End our vice-president, Mr. Benjamin H. Bradlee, and your humble servant, the historian. At that house we had enjoyed perfect freedom, and many had been the gay scenes enacted therein. One pleasant evening in the month of August, some half-dozen of our gentleman friends had called upon us, and with the usual accompaniments of cards, cigars, music, and singing, our guests had thus far been agreeably entertained. Before leaving, however, the lively nature of our company began to exhibit itself, and found plenty of room for expression in a

grand combination statue clog-dance by the entire company, your historian presiding at the piano.

I leave *you* to imagine, gentlemen, the graceful evolutions, the remarkable high kicking, and the awful leg-contortions produced by this jolly set of amateur clog-dancers! Louder and louder sounded the music, and faster and faster ran the antics of the ballet; soon the festivities were at their height, when, amid all the noise and all the frightful confusion produced by a dozen good-sized pedal extremities, the door was suddenly opened, and the face of our landlady (usually smiling and gay, but now fairly white with rage) glared in upon us. "Boys!" she said, in tones trembling with suppressed emotion, "how dare you! What means all this noise? I cannot have it! Are you aware that I do not let my house for a dance-hall? Why, you really shake the chandelier down in the parlor, and with company there, too! What do you suppose *they* will think? I do not object to your enjoying yourself, but in this outrageous manner, and with such an unnecessary noise as you have made, — why, I consider it an insult; and if it is repeated you shall not remain in my house another moment!" Saying which, our furious hostess disappeared amid the silence of the company, and with the music of "Whoa, Emma!" wafted down the stairs after her.

I have enlarged upon this incident, gentlemen, simply because I wish to record fully the causes leading to the organization of the Lotos Club. (*Applause.*) As you may have already surmised, the affair I have just described, and the restraint it placed upon our freedom and mutual enjoyment, was the prime cause, the real motive, from which sprang the association which to-night is congratulating itself on the end of its first year of existence. The young gentlemen in the South End house that evening, naturally indignant at finding their privileges thus restrained, at once resolved that they should and would enjoy themselves as they chose; if not in that house, they should find some other place. Accordingly, the first suggestion, that a small party should act together in hiring and running an entire house, met with considerable favor from all present. But this plan, since it involved considerable responsibility and constant care, was shortly afterwards abandoned. In relinquishing this idea, however, another one suggested itself to your historian; and accordingly he proposed to his room-mate, Mr.

Bradlee, a plan to hire suitable rooms and form a club somewhere down town. Stimulated by the hope of success, both gentlemen went to work with redoubled efforts; and though meeting with the usual obstacles that seem to be in the way of every new organization, had at last the satisfaction of accomplishing their object. After a long search our present rooms were found, and on the evening of Sept. 8 were visited for inspection and consideration by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Mudge, Bradlee, Porter, Phelps, Young, and White.

Seated in a small circle around the frame of an old table, with no light save that cast by the flickering rays of two tallow candles, with an old tin pail serving us for a cuspidor, — in this strange and primitive fashion the six pioneers of the Lotos Club held their first informal meeting, and here discussed what might, could, would, and should be done for the successful completion of their plans. Here we laid the foundation of that mutual friendship which has never since been broken; here we entered heart and soul into the work we were undertaking; and here, at this first and earliest meeting, it was resolved to stand by each other and the Club, — always to lend a helping hand, and to work without ceasing for the successful accomplishment of the desired object. (*Loud applause.*) After another informal meeting, which occurred Sept. 15, and at which a small sum of money was subscribed for necessary expenses, the present club-rooms were engaged, gas turned on, chairs and tables purchased, and the number of members increased to fourteen.

At the first *regular* meeting, held on the evening of Sept. 22, the following were elected officers: President, Frank H. Mudge; secretary-treasurer, Edgar M. White. An executive committee, the foundation of our present Board of Directors (*laughter*), consisting of Messrs. White, Bradlee, and W. R. Blodgett, was also elected. Subsequently Mr. Bradlee was elected vice-president, thus leaving the committee virtually powerless.

A set of By-Laws, written by the historian and a non-member of the Club, was adopted at the next meeting; and on the evening of Oct. 1, 1879, the club-rooms, now rendered more inviting by the addition of a pool-table, etc., were formally opened, and the hours passed very pleasantly on this occasion (*Applause.*) From this time forward, interest in the Club was on the increase; as

each regular meeting came along, new faces were seen; new and important business was transacted; and soon the rather plain-appearing rooms began to change, and to present a more cheerful aspect.

Early in November, a handsome Brussels carpet was purchased, the windows furnished with lambrequins, and a new centre table and chairs of a better quality added. A little later on, thanks to the generosity of the members in responding to subscription papers, a handsome chandelier was placed in the parlor, and two large oil paintings added to our little art collection. The old code of By-Laws becoming rather insufficient for our demands, a new and improved constitution was drawn up by Mr. J. Austin Fynes, and was adopted Dec. 10, 1879. It is the one now in use, and, with several amendments since made, has proved an able and consistent document of government. The full executive committee of five was afterwards elected as follows: J. A. Fynes (chairman), W. R. Blodgett, K. R. Smith, C. J. Davis, and G. H. Green. Here, then, we had the Club in good working order. It was in debt, to be sure; but the amount, slowly and surely, was being liquidated, and in spite of many reverses the finances seemed to preserve a very sound condition. Our landlord came to our assistance in painting the walls, repairing broken glass, and in putting up new stoves for the winter; and we have reason to remember his kindness, which, although rather slow in reaching us (*laughter*), was after all well meant.

To tell you all the business transacted at the various meetings would be an encroachment upon your time, which I shall not assume. Suffice it to say, that the attendance has been uniformly large, and the interest shown speaks well for the members present. In the matter of janitors, the Club has been rather unfortunate, having been compelled to remove five different incumbents from that position, until our present efficient officer has filled the duties most acceptably. The tendency of the Club to overdo the subscription business has passed away, and no more are heard those fierce disputes about dados, and cot-beds, and poker-playing. (*Cheers and applause.*) The days of cigars have also vanished, and "Ancient and Honorables" are now purchased elsewhere. Cigars are a luxury, and they can't be bought without money. The cabinet locker in the pool-room is a piece of furniture lately added, and is at once

useful and ornamental. Mr. Glover's work on this handsome article deserves more than a passing notice, and it is to be regretted that better financial encouragement was not given him.

Looking at the Club and its works in other than a business point of view, your historian finds nothing but praise and eulogy to record. Its *début* — as it were — into society was on the occasion of its first annual party, held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Jan. 2, 1880; and to say that the affair was a success but feebly expresses it. (*Loud applause.*) Financially and socially, it was of immense advantage to us, thanks to the untiring efforts of Messrs. Fynes and Green (*applause*); and as a "swell affair" was among the first of the season. Another and smaller party, quite as enjoyable and thoroughly successful, was given at Palladio Hall, under the management of eight gentlemen connected with the Club; and it is safe to say that our dances have done much to render our association very popular with the younger circles of society. I need hardly refer you to the success of our pool tournament, which, although strictly a Club affair, was still a matter of deep interest to all concerned; and as for the base-ball nine, it is already famous, through the daily press.

The second semi-annual election of officers, which occurred March 14, 1880, deserves passing mention from the fact of its being very closely contested, a tie vote occurring in the contest for the office of secretary-treasurer. The third semi-annual election has already impressed its results upon you this evening. The Board of Directors have transacted much important business during their service, but the close condition of the treasury has of late been an obstacle to their performance. (*Laughter.*) Now, however, the last of the small amounts for which we are liable will be paid; and ere many months have passed away, the LOTOS CLUB will be found completely out of debt, and in correct financial standing. Gladly do we await that moment, for it will mark a new era in our prosperous career. With our membership limit nearly attained; with the prospects of a most brilliant "second party" awaiting us; with all the bright records of the past giving the firmest encouragement to the future, — have not we, who are gathered here at this our first birthnight festival, the most satisfactory reasons for congratulation and pride? Long may the days of the past live for the advancement of the future; and when other scribes shall assume

their yearly tasks, may they find them always as pleasant and congenial as did your humble servant, the historian of to-night.

Throughout, the history as read by Mr. White was interrupted by applause, as generous as it was spontaneous. Nor were the members slow to appreciate the latent vein of humor running in the reader's remarks. The mention of dados, of cot-beds, and of poker-playing brought forth roars of laughter; and the allusion to the work of the first ball committee and to the last Board of Directors was received with hearty applause. Mr. White finished amid a most flattering ovation, and the cheers accorded him were a significant reminder of his popularity with the boys.

President Mudge then introduced, as orator of the evening, the newly elected secretary-treasurer, Mr. Correl Kendall. Mr. Kendall was greeted with a demonstration quite as boisterous as that given his predecessor, and for fully five minutes stood unable to proceed amid the plaudits of "our boys." When quiet had been restored, Mr. Kendall delivered

THE ORATION.

Mr. President and Brother Members of the Lotos Club: It affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable to be favored with the distinguished position which has been given me on this most auspicious occasion, our first and therefore our grandest and proudest birthday celebration; and I shall always remember, as the red-letter day of my life, the anniversary whereat I had the honor of addressing my friends of the Lotos Club.

One very short year ago, — and it seems but yesterday, that meeting with the candles and one small pine table, — one short year ago commenced our strenuous struggle for existence; and to-day we can say with justified assurance and pride, that our Club, which we all love so dearly, and have nursed so solicitously through twelve months of a varied and eventful career, as the proud and careful mother nurses her new-born babe, is at once a grand and signal success. (*Applause.*) Who can deny that we have been benefitted, and largely too, by the many bonds of eternal friendship we have made, and by the many, many happy hours of social intercourse we have spent together? In years to come, when we will undoubtedly look back and recall our younger days (that sweet summer-time of life), the Lotos Club rooms will form the scene of innumerable reminiscences and pleasant memories, which

will have passed into shadowy and endless eternity, but which we can never wholly consign to oblivion. (*Applause.*) There is scarcely any necessity of entering into the minute details of the history of our Club, as our historian has already given you an able and authentic one; but I desire to call your attention to the simple and indisputable fact that we have advanced, not only in our membership roll and in reputation, but *we* have grown wiser and better, and I am sanguine enough to believe that we shall continue our onward and upward course until *our* Club will equal in fame and name the New York club for which we were so aptly christened. (*Cheers.*) Theirs is a club of professional and famous gentlemen, whose praises are sung from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to Texas, and it remains with each one of us to assist in attaining the same dignified and prominent position, and in becoming the same influential agency in this city that our namesake is in New York. *Ours* is a growing city; *ours* a growing club; *our* leading men were but boys and young men once, exactly the same as we are to-day. Then why cannot *we*, I ask, fill the offices and occupy the places in the hearts of our fellow-citizens that these men do at the present hour? I answer, and with justifiable pride, "We can and we *will*." (*Cheers.*) Let all of us, casting aside from to-day the petty frivolities of youth, strive to attain that dignity and honor which will command for us the respect and esteem of our fellow-citizens, and bestow upon us an enviable cast in the great drama of life. (*Applause.*)

To-day, as we look forward to the second year of our Club's existence, we cannot but feel highly gratified that we have clung together throughout the various reverses with which a new organization always meets, and which I am happy to say, in our case, have been few and far between. The many happy faces which I see before me to-night betoken the hearts full of hope and buoyancy, and assure us that brilliant prospects await us in the future welfare and success of our Club. Standing as we do on a firm financial basis, our list of members rapidly increasing, and with friends wishing us perpetual health and happiness, we are each and every one of us *proud* to be known as a member of the Lotos Club. In the few instances where we have come prominently before the public we have been eminently successful, thanks to the efforts of admiring friends. (*Applause.*) Let us not forfeit the respect and good

wishes which have been showered upon us, but rather strive harder to secure the confidence of still more friends. Remember, gentlemen, the friendships made in youth are the "Open sesame" to successful manhood, upon which we are all of us entering to-day, and we cannot afford to lose even the least of these friends. (*Applause.*)

O happy, careless, fleeting youth! Forgetful of the flight of time, and draining the jewelled and sparkling cup of pleasure to the very brim, thou vanishest, alas! too soon, and leavest but the bitter dregs to the man, who, with eager hands, snatches the cup from thy smiling lips, only to regret that in his haste to pass the Rubicon into the unknown manhood on the other side, he has left behind him the brightest and happiest moments in this life! (*Applause.*)

To the gentlemanly officers of our Club, I return in the name of the members, as a body, heartfelt thanks for the efficient manner in which they have performed the many arduous duties devolving upon them. Theirs has been no enviable lot; they have worked hard, well, and constantly, and they can now point with proper pride to the successful outcome of their able management. All honor to them, each and every one. Let the officers whom we have elected anew this evening strive to surpass the retiring gentlemen in the performance of *their* duties, and our second anniversary will be a most brilliant and fitting one.

Mr. Kendall's oration was finely delivered, and was interrupted at frequent intervals by bursts of applause; and, at its close, the thunder of approval shook the floor, evincing in a startling manner the keen appreciation of the members, and their respect and admiration for the speaker. Poet G. Homer Green, who was next introduced by President Mudge, was received with enthusiastic applause, and read the following: —

THE MODEL CLUB.

I.

I've been racking my brains for two weeks back
To find something to say to-night;
Until now, boys, I've got a "weak back,"
And am sick and exhausted, quite.
I've lost in weight, pounds six or eight,
Since this task I've undertaken;

My health has run down at an awful rate,
And my nerves are completely shaken.
To show you how much it has taken
To break me down so complete,
I 'll read you the cause of my troubles, —
No doubt 't will be a treat.

II.

'T is about an organization
That is known as the LOTOS CLUB;
And how to do it justice
Is certainly the "rub."
They 're governed by a first-class constitution,
Perfection, — of its kind, —
Which has dutifully been followed,
By each member ("in his mind").
Their rules and regulations
Are just as good and sound
As granite, or the mighty oak, —
No better can be found.
Now let me introduce you
To this high and mighty band, —
THE LOTOS CLUB! Every one are gentlemen,
I 'd have you understand.

III.

Yes, gentlemen in every sense, —
Honorable, courteous, and polite;
Whene'er they try to "do a thing,"
They always "do it right."
I don't know one of them that swears,
And smokers, — why, there 's none!
Tobacco is forbidden fruit,
And by them 't is let alone.
It 's quite common on the Common
To go out on a quiet lark;
To hug and squeeze the "pretty girls,"
And kiss them in the dark.

But in this giddy, thoughtless crowd,
You 'll "hardly ever" find
A member of the LOTOS CLUB,
(I've got this underlined).
They won't go near a walking match,
A horse race, or a fight,
And of boat-racing and base-ball
They hate the very sight.
They *never* play a game of cards,
They [illegible]
They never play at billiards:
They 're so awfully precise
They never attend the "Museum,"
The "Boston," "Globe," or "Park";
They don't go near the "Boylston,"
For fear 't would cause remark.
The "Howard Athenæum"
Is low and rough, they say;
In fact, to tell the honest truth,
They 've never seen a play!

IV.

I know you 'll all agree with me,
That is, if you 'll reflect,
That the members of the LOTOS CLUB
Are ALL THAT IS CORRECT.

V.

A number of occupations
Are represented in this Club,
Whereby they earn the money
To procure their daily "grub."
They have stationary salesmen,
And travelling salesmen, too;
And "sailsmen" who go sailing,
When they 've nothing else to do.
One treats the feet to boots and shoes,
With prices not too high;
'T would be a feat, if he would treat
The boys, when they are dry.

A goodly number of them
Book-keepers represent;
Contented, happy fellows,
Though they never have a cent.
There 's a cashier, and a broker,
And bank clerks two or more,
A house-builder; and of entry-clerks,
I 'm sure there 's three or four.
Men in the hardware business;
Wholesale groceries, besides;
Wholesale clothiers; also dry goods,
And the man of leather and hides.
They also have a tailor;
In fact, I know of three.
This they remark: "Your suit *will* suit,
If you 'll but come to me."

VI.

They have a stunning base-ball club,
Whose record can't be beat.
Could they win but "one consecutive game,"
'T would cover all defeat.

VII.

Since the writing of the last four lines
They 've acted like little men:
They 've beaten the Quincy Market nine,
By a score of 11 to 10!

VIII.

Is there any one, my hearers,
Doubts the truth of what I 've said?
Is there one that 's here to-night
That thinks I 'm out of my head?
That I 've stated nothing but the truth,
I know you 'll all agree,—
The simple and unvarnished truth,
As, no doubt, you plainly see.

IX.

All honor, then, to the LOTOS CLUB,
And to the members, every one.
United may they meet in heaven,
When their work on earth is done.

The reading of the poem was greeted with applause, and the numerous hits and sallies with which it abounded were received with evident relish by the hearers. The president then introduced as toast-master of the evening the Club's newly elected executive, Mr. J. Austin Fynes, who was most warmly received, and who spoke as follows: —

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I think the most prosaic of after-dinner speakers would be moved to eloquence by the warmth of such a reception as you have just accorded your toast-master. I can only thank you, gentlemen, for the honor you do me; and I hasten to assure you that whatever success the post-prandial exercises shall achieve is due wholly to the efforts of the gentlemen who will respond to the sentiments proposed. It has always seemed to me that a toast-master's lot was *not* a peculiarly happy one; at least a rather limited past experience has developed that fact. But to-night, gentlemen, at this little birthday party of ours, when the tendrils of friendship seem to twine closer and closer round our hearts as each moment passes on gayest wings, — to-night, looking into the radiant faces of our own LOTOS boys, always bright and happy, but never more than now, — to-night, gentlemen, your toast-master feels that this time, at least, he is thoroughly at home, and offers you, with the sentiments proposed, his own personal heartfelt wish for long life and prosperity to "Our Club." (*Applause.*) I know how sincerely this wish will be echoed by every gentleman present; and it is this very sincerity, this general expression of the deepest interest in the welfare of our organization, which show conclusively and beyond all contradiction that the first year of the LOTOS CLUB has indeed been one to be proud of. (*Applause.*) Safely may we congratulate ourselves on the termination of so much of our club life; and with the brightest of prospects in the future, as they surely are, who will not admit that we have every reason for our pride? To the untiring efforts of our genial pres-

ident much of our success has been due. (*Cheers.*) Let us drink his health standing, gentlemen; and in the same bumper which we pledge to his prosperity, I give you our first toast: —

The Lotos Club and its Founders: May the celebration of this, our first anniversary, be only *one* of many, many long years to come; and when youth, with all its passionate ardor, shall have left us, when threads of silver shall mingle in our beards of brown, then may we cherish in joyful remembrance all the sprees and all the "rackets" with the boys at the Club.

The toast was given amid the cheers of the members, and was responded to by President Frank H. Mudge, as follows: —

Mr. Toast-master and Gentlemen: We are assembled here to-night to celebrate the first anniversary of our Lotos Club. It is now one year since we organized and started the association, which, from a few enthusiastic members, has steadily increased until we now number nearly forty; and it is with pleasure and pride that we have watched the growth of our Club, and seen so many firm friendships formed during this past year. I am sure it has been a year of pleasant remembrances to us all, and the many associations formed will, I hope, long be continued.

It would be useless for me to enter into the details of the forming of our Club, already given you by our historian; but the energy and hard work shown by the founders must be alluded to, and the few that first met and associated themselves as a club can look with pleasure on the deep interest shown by all the present members. (*Applause.*) The question suggests itself, Are we satisfied with our year's success? and the answer would seem to be, Yes. But we are *not* content to stop here: we would have our Club more yet than it is; and with the steady increase we have made, and the interest evinced by our members, I am sure we shall succeed before many months have passed. (*Cheers.*) It is well known among us all, gentlemen, that during the last year we have met with some obstacles and difficulties in the advancement of our organization; but we are young yet, and with a continuance of the spirit we have manifested we can undoubtedly bring ourselves to a successful accomplishment of the objects in view. We have among us representatives

of nearly all the various business interests in our city; and with our united energy, there is no reason why we should not, by lending our individual efforts to the cause, succeed in making THE LOTOS not only a leading young commercial club, but a club standing high in social circles as well. The brilliant achievements of our first dances warrant me in making this statement, and the very hopeful outlook for our next seems to promise even better success. (*Applause.*) Such pleasant affairs can only serve to advance our social reputation; and moving as we are at present, there exists no doubt in my mind that before long we may have every reason to consider ourselves the *first* young-men's club in Boston. (*Cheers and applause.*) And this is exactly what we want. To be sure, we are mutually bound together for "amusement and diversion from business"; but from watching the progress of our Club during the past year, I am certain we have derived considerable benefit as well. At least, as go-ahead young business men, we owe it to ourselves to advance the Club in every direction, — as, for instance, *locality*, influence, finance, and social standing. (*Applause.*) I trust we soon shall see all these duties fulfilled to the letter. My remarks, gentlemen, have been rather lengthy for the occasion; therefore allow me to close with, "A successful second year for the LOTOS CLUB."

At the conclusion of Mr. Madge's remarks, which were made with all the characteristic vigor of that worthy gentleman, three hearty cheers were called for, and given with a will.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — For our second toast, gentlemen, nothing could be more appropriate than a sentiment to perpetual good-fellowship in our association. I offer you therefore, this toast to —

Friendship: The motive power of our Club. May its ties ever be strengthened and increased in the happy circle of our LOTOS boys, binding us all in one common fraternity, always friends, always brothers, never to be parted till we turn our toes up to the daisies in the long, dreamless sleep without an end.

RESPONSE BY WILL I. HARRIS.

MR. TOAST-MASTER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE LOTOS CLUB: It gives me both pleasure and gratification to respond to the senti-

ment we have just honored, and to present to you my impressions of what it means and implies. I trust, should they fall below your ideal, my shortcomings will be forgotten in the remembrance of the many eminent men whose talents have failed to discover language adequate to express a perfect definition of this sublime trait of the human character. Friendship is the respect and esteem we feel for one another, and is intensified to a greater or less degree, according to the similarity of our tastes and habits in the pursuit of business or pleasure. It implies, in its fulness, affectionate love and regard, personal sacrifice, a helping hand in each other's aims and ambitions, a disposition to share and share alike, and above all, unlimited confidence; the last to an extent perfectly comprehended by Milton, when in some lines commemorating the virtues of a dear departed friend, he wrote: —

"And now,
To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart,
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?"

Who is there among us, gentlemen, who has not been gladdened by the pleasures or saddened by the sorrows of friendship; who does not carry enshrined in his heart the sweet memory of its loving ties formed during his journey from childhood toward the grave; who does not look back regretfully to the many which, though cherished by all that serves to make friendship durable and lasting, alas, are broken now; who does not cling fondly to those that have endured through all the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, of failure and success; who, while he forgets not those that are shattered, trusts that those which have survived will stand immaculate, impervious to the hand of time, until that universal goal is attained where one and all must meet on common ground? If there be such a one in our midst, then, gentlemen, he deserves our pity, as he can be but half a man, or at best has lived his life in vain. (*Applause.*) A great poet has written, and posterity has handed it down to us, that friendship is but a name. Never in my life, gentlemen, have I so fully realized the fallacy of this argument, as generally applied, as I do at this moment, when in looking about me my glance falls upon your genial and happy faces; and I recall to my mind the object that draws us around this festive board. (*Applause.*) We gather here to-night to testify our joy and exultation on the first

anniversary of the pet and pride of our hearts, the LOTOS CLUB (*cheers*), and to commemorate with appropriate rites the continued existence of that chain of friendship which has held it in bondage during its infancy. That I am a link in that loving chain, is my pride and my boast. If even a single link has been severed, I trust and believe that this hour of good cheer and jovial reunion will unite the broken parts, and weld them so firmly together that, to change and parody an old rhyme,

> "All the king's horses and all the king's men
> Can never break them asunder again."

(*Applause.*)

As a club, our friendships for each other have, I think, been sincere. Though clouded at times under the excitement and strife of party, they have always come to the surface again, invigorated with new life, and continued to form the nucleus and the mainspring of our prosperity. May that prosperity, standing on so grand, so sublime a foundation, perpetuate itself; may each succeeding year of its existence bring with it an increase of power and strength; may we be true to its teachings, and meet annually, as we meet to-night, to celebrate it in fitting memorial; when perchance any should be absent, may we hold them in affectionate remembrance, resting assured that they will be with us in spirit and wish us the fulness of success (*applause*); then, as the years pass swiftly, and are thrown behind us in the onward march of time, if any of our number should drop by the wayside, and fading from our sight, return to the dust from whence they sprang, may we who remain treasure their memory and revere them in our heart of hearts as bright stars in this dear constellation of friendships. By the light of what they have done in the past, and are doing for us to-day, as a club and as individuals, let us start forth upon a new era of regard for one another. (*Applause.*) Then, gentlemen, under the inspiration of our present blissful emotions, engendered and fostered by this propitious and eventful occasion, may we bury forever in the dim recesses of forgetfulness the errors and follies of the past, and there let them rest. May no clouds obscure the firmament of our renewed attachments; may the ties cemented to-night exceed in their brightness the lustre of the stars, and like them remain undimmed through all the changes of time; may the LOTOS

Club be their beacon light, and stand forth worthy the emulation of men, a monument to their sincerity. Now, gentlemen, may the hopes and aspirations of the future fill your hearts and mine with love and kindness, and cheering them with their bright and golden anticipations, imbue us with the spirit of "bear and forbear." Then, my friends, one and all, may we walk down the path of life arm in arm together, amidst its roses and its thorns, in one unbroken bond of a common fellowship and a common brotherhood. (*Applause and cheers for the speaker.*)

The Toast-master. — I think, gentlemen, the success achieved at our two parties of last season, and the prospects of even a greater assembly this year, justify me in proposing the third toast to the memory of

Our Dances: Joyfully recalling the brilliancy of our first parties, and deeply grateful for the social impetus they gave our Club, may "our next," and all that follow, only add to the bright triumphs of the past. May the dear ones and the loved ones join us oft and again in tripping the light fantastic toe to the sweet strains of merry music: gayety and mirth reign supreme, and youth and beauty ever adorn and enhance the Lotos parties.

RESPONSE BY K. R. SMITH.

Mr. Toast-master and Gentlemen: Our toast-master has said, and aptly too, "joyfully recalling our first"; but I think he might have put it a little stronger and said "rapturously recalling," although it may be that is rather too extravagant an expression. Still, recalling at this late day the pretty scene, the lively music, and the happy faces of our boys as they whirled Boston's beauties through the dreamy mazes of the waltz, and led them through the labyrinths of the lancers and quadrille, *I* do not consider "rapturously" to be too wild an adjective to apply, as I suggested. It was a "brilliant success," Mr. Toast-master and gentlemen, that "first" of ours, because it gave our boys a wide fame: it gave our Club, as you have said, "a social impetus," and will serve as a splendid herald to our second and following dances. We have

every reason to believe, Mr. Toast-master, that each succeeding dance will surpass the former in every particular; that "the dear ones and the loved ones" *will* "join us oft and again"; that "the sweet strains of merry music" will be ever merrier; that "gayety and mirth" *will* "reign supreme"; and that, although our youth will fade and die too soon, the beauty of our girls will live forever, "to adorn and enhance the Lotos parties." (*Applause.*) As each year rolls around, and old Father Time dances away into the past, making room for the new-born babe to dance himself into existence, may we be there to assist in the revels, and join hand in hand in wishing our friends a Happy New Year. (*Applause.*)

The Toast-master. — I beg to call the attention of the Club to the fact that one of the most thrilling incidents of the memorable 17th of September was the victory of the Lotos Base-Ball Nine over their opponents from Quincy Market. (*Cheers.*) This most unexpected and unlooked-for result is worthy of a toast, indeed, and I give you, therefore, the health of

Our Base-Ball Nine: The calm fortitude with which, at the commencement of the season, they went forth to "win every game, or die," must ever impress us most painfully. Let us refrain from meditating upon their sad fate, and let us never cease to hope that the future may bring forth brighter laurels for their weary, weary brows! May the memory of this very handsome, very remarkable set of base-ball murderers never leave us; and above all, may they never stain their record, disappoint their friends, or surprise themselves by — *winning* another game! (*Applause and laughter.*)

RESPONSE BY CHARLES J. DAVIS.

Mr. Toast-master and Gentlemen: In responding to this toast to the Base-Ball Nine of the Lotos Club, I would remark that, through some unforeseen reason, almost every day on which this stalwart crowd indulged in the national game was very cold; it was, in fact, so "cold" that they were "left" very badly. The first game, and one which I trust we all enjoyed the most, was on May 30 (Decoration Day), when the "Harris gang" whipped the "Opposition," and Boulehy and Kim donned the mask and broke

their hands up. Gentlemen, I am ashamed (ahem!) to say that money changed hands to a considerable amount on this game! (Ahem!) Of course we must n't forget the punch with which we all regaled ourselves on that day (and I believe it was fully up to the standard of our beverages here to-night). Gentlemen, on the great and glorious 17th of September, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of our city, the Lotos Club cleverly snatched a game from the sturdy constituents of Faneuil Hall Market, by a score of 11 to 10! This, gentlemen, I wish you to understand, was accomplished merely by unexceptionably fine playing; and, of course, my friends, no errors were made by our boys. (*Laughter.*) On a bright and beautiful, but very cold day, the Lotos Club also visited the charming little town of Norwood and engaged the base-ball giants of the same name in a game of ball. This was a regular *picnic* for the boys; and how good that dinner did taste! But I think it was a preconcerted plan to get us *full* (of dinner, I mean), for it was the same old story, 5 to 3! Well, boys, better luck to the nine next year, and we trust the Blue Stockings next season will bring glory on their name. Here's to them! (*Applause and cheers.*)

The Toast-master. — An old saying once prevailed that "we loved best those at whom we laughed the most." I think this maxim will find a truthful application in the ranks of our association. You may judge for yourselves, gentlemen, in the response to

Our Funny Men: Like stray sunbeams peeping through the clouds, they have been the light and joy of our club-rooms in our dullest moments. May we never lose their merry faces from our midst, and may Father Time, in his ceaseless flight, never sober the jovial spirits, or sadden the gay, boyish hearts of "Our Funny Men."

RESPONSE BY A. W. PORTER.

Mr. Toast-master and Gentlemen: I must confess I am somewhat at a loss to conjecture why our most worthy toast-master should have singled me out of so many unfortunates to respond to "Our Funny Men." The gentleman most certainly could not have

borne me any ill-will, because he supposed at the time that he had my vote solid (*laughter*) ; and I must say, in self-defence, that when honored with his two dollars, it surely was my intention to vote no other ticket : but as you all know, "human natur is weak" ; so when I chanced to fall over a bar'l containing two dollars and fifteen cents, says I to myself, "Porter, my boy, three beers is three beers, and what 's the good of a *change*, anyway?" (*Laughter and applause.*) But we 'll waive this point. *Our* funny men ! our FUNNY men ! our funny MEN ! (*Cheers.*) Accent it as you will, gentlemen, and still there is contained in these three words ludicrousness-ness-ness (*laughter*) enough to produce a smile on the cadaverous countenance of a Bangor barkeeper : a circumstance not yet recorded in the history of this ger-reat and ge-lorious country, and furthermore, entirely unlikely to occur (*applause and laughter*) — unless he "smiles" with you (*Laughter.*) My friends, you cannot but realize that were it not for its funny men, our Club would be in a sad condition, socially speaking. Financially, I have very little to say (*laughter*), though it is generally understood to be an unpardonable offence for a funny man to pay his dues until he has completely demoralized the Dunning Committee, and so exasperated the secretary-treasurer that he swears he does n't give a darn whether the club goes to ruin or not. Perhaps this in a measure accounts for the large number of so-called funny men, and also for the generally "broken-up" appearance of the average Dunning Committee. (*Laughter.*) Although I doubt it very much, it may be that some of you have never had an opportunity of witnessing the *modus operandi* of that unhappy mortal commonly known as the Dunning Committee ! (*Uproar.*) With your permission, let me endeavor to describe the inner workings of this business. I believe I am very well qualified. (*Laughter.*) . . . 'T is mid-day. The burning rays of an early autumn sun shine fiercely down on the plank walks of Columbus Avenue, while a solitary, seedy pedestrian stalks moodily, yet defiantly, hashwards. (*Laughter.*) He turns. Great heaven ! 'tis a funny man of the Lotos Club ! Hark ! he communes with himself : "Very strange I could n't walk this same crack last night. What was the matter with the planks? or with me? I dread the landlady to-day — the old chromo ! I suppose she 'll dun me the moment I open the door. Ha ! What 's this? Just my luck ! Here comes the Dunning Committee ! Just

wait till I sit on him!" With a grim smile, he pulls last winter' hat over his optics, and nerves himself to the attack: —

Dunning Committee. — Hello!

Funny Man. — Hello!!

D. C. — Nice day.

F. M. — Fine!

D. C. — Do you walk up to dinner?

F. M. — When I feel like it.

D. C. — I 'most always ride.

F. M. — Do you? Well, they keep the money-drawer locked down where I work. Besides (*sarcastically*), I don't spoon any conductor's sister!

D. C. — Ah — er — been down to the club lately?

F. M. — Yes.

D. C. — Er — was n't down at the last meeting, were you?

F. M. — No.

D. C. — I thought not. They — er — put me on the Dunning Committee, you know. Ha, ha!

F. M. — *Did* they? Good joke. Ha!

D. C. — Yes. Er — er — coming down to the club to-night?

F. M. — No.

D. C. — Well — I guess I 'll be going.

F. M. — Good day.

D. C. — Oh! ah — er — you'll excuse me for mentioning it, won't you? but you don't happen to have any mon — I mean how much money — er —*have you got on the election?*

F. M. — Not any money; any amount of *bets*, though. And say! now that I think of it, *you* don't happen to have a couple of dollars about you, do you? I 'd like to borrow it — until Garfield is elected.

With a wild cry of baffled rage, the Dunning Committee turns and flies; nor stops he until, faint from exertion, he drops his aching limbs in the hospitable chair of our friend Wachendorf, where, overcome by despair, he drinks and cries, "Set 'em up again!" . . . 'T is midnight, and above the clatter and din of a hundred beer-mugs ever and anon breaks forth that weird, wild cry, "Set 'em up again!" . . . 'T is dawn. Two sorrowful cats sit on the banks of the Frog Pond and whisper to each other of a flash, a report, a splash; and all is over with the Dunning Committee. Thus ends the

tale. The moral may be had of the publisher; fifty cents extra. (*Applause, laughter, and cheers.*) And then you know, gentlemen, in continuation, the funny man has such a charming way of monopolizing all the easy-chairs, cot-beds (*laughter*), and so forth, in the club-rooms! He also takes very kindly to all movable articles, in the shape of tobacco, canes, umbrellas, pipes, etc. Besides this, you know, he does say the funniest things! There 's Billy Blodgett! (*Laughter and cheers.*) He said the funniest thing the other night I ever heard. I don't remember just what it was, but I know BILLY STUBBS HAD TO LAUGH RIGHT OUT! (*Shouts of laughter.*)

Gentlemen, there is but one thing better than a funny man, and that is a man who is *not* funny. There are *two* things *worse* than *one* funny man; viz., *too* funny men. (*Laughter.*) I submit a few characteristics of the subject: He generally has a serious impediment in his speech, inasmuch as he finds it quite impossible to articulate "Beer?" "Cigar?" or "Have one with me?" though he can say "Thank you, I don't mind," very fluently indeed. He never has more than one cigar, — and this he lights just outside the door; though sometimes I have known him to carry as many as three cigarettes at a time. There *are* times, also, when his memory is very defective. For instance, if he loses a bet, he will forget entirely that he ever made it, and furthermore convince *you* that he never did! (*Laughter.*) But if he wins, — ah! then his memory is wonderful, gentlemen, wonderful! Why this is so, I shall not attempt to explain; but this I know: should you remind him of an indebtedness he will assure you that there is positively no hurry about it; if you would like it to run another year, why, that 's all right! (*Applause.*) In short, gentlemen, the virtues and good qualities of the funny man are innumerable, and I know you will all agree with me that though a necessary evil, still a funny man is the noblest apology of God. (*Cheers, laughter, and cries of "Porter!"*)

THE TOAST-MASTER. — The memory of many a leisure hour spent with the ivory spheres upon the green baize impels me to offer you the health, wealth, and prosperity of

Our Pool Players: Though not a very dissipated set, yet you 'll generally find them on a "bust." They always mind their p's and cues, keep a sharp eye on their "pockets," never get caught in a

"corner," always fight without "scratching," yet never fail to "pool" though unharmed. Financially, they are the Club's greatest benefactors. May they continue to drop their little nickels into that old tin box for many days to come.

RESPONSE BY G. S. BALCH.

Mr. Toast-master and Gentlemen: My response to this *must* be brief! (*Great applause.*) I regret to see that the interest taken in this game, once so popular in our Club, now is on the wane. Once there were not "pills" enough in the box to give the boys a show; now we seldom see a pool-player in the billiard-room. Gentlemen, we must *brace up* and swell the pool receipts to an *enormous amount!* We had a tournament once, and Eddie White ran away with the first prize, Corrie Kendall the second, — while the third was never played for! (*Hear! hear!*) Your humble servant was once the "terror playing pool"; and although not one of the prize players, desires now to say, and to say it *boldly*, that in the event of another tournament he has no doubt of his ability to waltz away with the first prize. (*Sensation.*) Then, gentlemen, let us resume our old enthusiasm in our little game, and make the old walls of the pool-room ring with the gay voices of every member of the Club. (*Applause.*)

Alluding to the fact that several familiar faces were missing from the happy circle, the toast-master offered an impromptu sentiment to "Our Absent Members," and in response read letters as follows: —

LETTER FROM E. H. GREEN.

On the Way to New York, Sept. 29, 1880.

Dear Boys: Although unexpectedly called away from Boston, and thereby deprived of the pleasure of joining you at our first annual dinner, I nevertheless have a very lively interest in the affair.

(A Voice. — That 's my brother!)

Whoever the happy men elected, I join you in congratulating them. I hope my esteemed fellow "kicker," Mr. Charles Blodgett, made the business meeting sufficiently interesting for you. The duty of drinking my share of the toasts I leave to Messrs. Correl Kendall and Joe Hendrie. I thought that Bennie, or Billy Stubbs,

or Kim would help me out, but I guess they will have sufficient to do to attend to their own. (*Sensation.*) I hardly think it necessary to caution you against the bad habit some clubs have of leaving cigars on the table. That is something inexcusable. I should not think it strange if you left a half-dozen bottles of wine unopened, but *don't leave any cigars!* The motion of the boat is just beginning to take hold of me, and I feel — well, a little dizzy. My supper to-night did n't cost me five dollars, to be sure, but I am going to "hang on to it" all the same. Seriously, however, I think we can congratulate ourselves on the past year's record, and I join you in wishing continued success and prosperity to the LOTOS CLUB.

Yours hopefully,

EDW. H. GREEN.

LETTER FROM N. E. C. WHITNEY.

BOSTON, Sept. 30, 1880.

MR. C. C. BLODGETT:

DEAR SIR: Your favor of 29th at hand. I thank the Club very much for its invitation, but deeply regret that it will be utterly impossible for me to attend. I am making preparations for leaving the city. Extending my hearty well-wishes, believe me,

Very truly yours,

N. E. C. WHITNEY.

THE TOAST-MASTER. — Gentlemen, there 's no use in denying it, there 's lots of style in the LOTOS CLUB, and we know it. (*Tremendous applause.*) You have only to look around you to prove the assertion. So let me give you this toast to

Our Boys: Collectively and individually, "a very swell set." Their hearts are larger than their bodies, and their fund of good-nature never runs low. May they never change, unless for the better, and may the "fell destroyer" never succeed in making them other than what they are now, and always shall be, — "Our Boys."

RESPONSE BY W. F. DAVIS, JR.

MR. TOAST-MASTER AND GENTLEMEN: It gives me, as I know it must all of you, both pleasure and pride, in being counted as one

of "Our Boys." In thus associating ourselves under this genera term, I think we have a considerable advantage over other youn men. We are enabled to enjoy ourselves more easily as the circl of our friends and acquaintances widens; and with a goodly numbe of excellent "boys," time need never hang heavy on their hands We are all in the vigor of youth and health, and it is now that w form those habits which guide our future life. Always let us re member that in this after-life, circumstances may be such that w would gladly accept a helping hand extended by one of "Our Boys." Let us, then, all strive to "put our best foot forward," so that our later years may be spent in usefulness and happiness; and when we look back to our younger days, may we never feel any regret at past actions or deeds. To-night, however, we are here not to think or talk of the darker side, but of the bright and cheerful, to which I hope and trust all our lives may lead. Let this be a night for every one of THE LOTOS CLUB to remember as one of the pleasantest events of his life, and may all of us, looking back, count with genuine pleasure all the merry hours spent among OUR BOYS. (*Applause.*)

THE TOAST-MASTER. — Gentlemen, I should be negligent in my duties as toast-master, and forgetful of my own nature (*commotion*), were I not to allude to the bright eyes, the rosy lips, the cherry cheeks, and the fairy forms of

Our Girls: Though we *miss* their presence from our banquet board, we beg to assure them they are with us in spirit, — or rather, in the spirits. Fondly our hearts turn to them, with all the impetuous fulness of our after-dinner nature. May the chivalry of the LOTOS CLUB for the fair sex never be diminished, and may fondness for the girls always be a feature in the character of the boys. (*Applause, loud and long continued.*)

RESPONSE BY J. A. HENDRIE.

MR. TOAST-MASTER AND GENTLEMEN: I must confess, in the first place, that I am utterly unable to do the girls justice! (*Laughter.*) Your pretty sentiment *ought* to inspire me with enough of poetry and beautiful language to pay them the most glowing compliments; but somehow or other, it does n't! For,

gentlemen, you know that when the ladies are the subjects of conversation, no horrid man was ever found who could fully discuss them. It takes a woman's tongue, you know, to praise her own fair sex; and I shall not be unwise enough to attempt to outdo her. A bashful fellow like myself (*hear, hear!*) — are not all the Lotos boys bashful, gentlemen? (*tremendous applause*) — I say, a bashful fellow like myself is certainly not the one from whom a worthy response to such a toast could be expected. Nevertheless, I still dare to assert that the influence produced in the Club by its lady friends can never be otherwise than elevating. It's a boy's nature to like the girls, and I fear me much the tender passion has already penetrated deep in the hearts of some of our most prominent members. (*Sensation.*) Notice their absence from our meetings, when formerly they were always on hand; their abstracted manner; their thoughtless replies, and their total indifference to any but the loved one. All this seems to indicate that erelong, Hymen's torch will make a fearful havoc in our ranks! Even those of us who have not been singed by the flame are still apt to harbor a tender inclination for the dear creatures; and, in return, I think their opinion of the Lotos Club boys must ever be a flattering one. (*Applause.*) Gentlemen, may the good wishes, the good opinion, and the admiration of the fair sex always be ours; and may we never forfeit the respect, esteem, and love of any of the lady friends of the Lotos Club. (*Applause.*)

The Toast-master. — The fact that of late the influx of newcomers into our ranks has been steadily on the increase must be noticeable to you all, and I am sure you will agree with me that we have been very fortunate in this respect. One of our late accessions will speak for himself. Meanwhile I offer you the health of

Our New Members: May our first pleasant impressions only be strengthened later on; and may a closer acquaintance never destroy the friendly feelings already existing since our late introduction to "our new members."

RESPONSE BY M. B. GUILFORD.

Mr. Toast-master and Gentlemen: As you have already listened to a great deal of very eloquent speaking, and to avoid

having to furnish you with new ear-drums, I shall feel obliged to make my remarks very short indeed. In the first place, in behalf of the new members, let me thank our toast-master for his kindly remembrance of us in his sentiments. I am sure I express the sentiment of all of the new members when I say we have felt it a great pleasure in being members of the LOTOS CLUB, after the good feeling and hearty fellowship we have had displayed toward us, and the very elegant time we have thus far enjoyed this evening. I trust, in point of interest and enthusiasm, that the late arrivals will rival the old ones, always having the welfare of the LOTOS CLUB at heart, and that our friendship, like new wine, will improve with age. (*Applause.*)

At the conclusion of the last speaker's remarks, Mr. Charles C. Blodgett, in a few well-chosen words, offered the health and prosperity of the Club's new president. The retiring president, Mr. Mudge, eloquently and earnestly pledged the united efforts of the entire association to sustain his successor in the duties of his office, and made a sincere plea for harmony and good feeling over the result. The newly elected president was then called to the chair by President Mudge, and three hearty cheers accorded him. In response to the enthusiastic cries of "speech, speech!" Mr. Fynes pledged himself to a faithful and correct performance of the trust with which he had been honored, and assured the gentlemen that his efforts should always be to advance, improve, and strengthen in every respect the little Club so dear to their hearts. Paying a graceful compliment to the retiring president, Mr. Fynes proposed three rousing cheers in his honor, and the cheers were given with a will, amid great enthusiasm. Resuming the chair, President Mudge then introduced the club trio, consisting of Messrs. George Kendall, alto, E. G. Whitney, bass, and G. Homer Green, tenor, and these gentlemen sang with fine effect the following original words by Mr. Green: —

I.

Cordial is our greeting
At our annual meeting,
Joyous is our song.
Not a shade of sadness,
Each one filled with gladness,
In this happy throng.

II.

See each face revealing
Sincere, happy feeling, —
United is our band.
Friendship's vows renewing,
Good times past reviewing,
As we grasp each hand.

III.

In "friendship" we 're united;
To "friendship" we are plighted;
Our motto "brotherly love";
"Honor" is our token:
May we meet unbroken
In that land above.

The rendition of the trio was received with enthusiastic plaudits, and in response to the demand for an encore, Mr. Green sang a solo, fairly "bringing down the house." It was now fast approaching midnight, and at the request of the president the entire Club stood, and joined in the singing of the club ode, the author, Mr. Fynes, at the piano.

CLUB NIGHT, 1880.

AIR, — FAIR HARVARD.

I.

Oh! how little we think, who delight in these joys,
That the present shall come ne'er again;
That the past, with its mem'ries so dear to "Our Boys,"
Is a dream, left to cheer us when men.
Let Fate do her worst, there are visions we share
Which the future can never efface;
And the burthen of life will seem lighter to bear,
When such mem'ries our manhood shall grace.

II.

Round the circle of mirth let the hearts that are gay
Be as joyously filled to the last,
Ere the faint rosy tints of a newly born day
Shall proclaim that our "Club Night" is past.
For the spring-time of life is the sweetest we know,
With the roses of youth in their bloom;
And the fragrance of Love is a gift they bestow
On the ashes they bring to the tomb.

There was a genuine warmth of feeling lurking in the voices of the singers, and the full, rich melody of the favorite old air seemed to add a new grace to the last lines of the ode. As the last verse was softly repeated, mingling in its strains the chimes of the midnight hour, there seemed to be a tinge of sadness in the tender, lingering cadence of the singers' voices; but the merry, handsome faces, grouped around the brilliantly lighted banquet board, reflected only joy and happiness, contentment and repose: the fable of the Lotos land over again.

At the conclusion of the ode the members rose from the table, and the banquet was finished.

THE LOTOS CLUB.

MEMBERSHIP LIST, NOV. 1, 1880.

BALCH, G. SPOFFORD.
BRADLEE, BENJ. H.
BLODGETT, WILLARD R.
BLODGETT, CHARLES C.
CHALENOR, WILLIAM F.
CONDRON, GEORGE T.
DAVIS, CHARLES J.
DAVIS, W. FRED, JR.
DINSMORE, ARTHUR B.
DOHERTY, GEORGE F.
DRIVER, JOHN.
FLANDERS, FRED. K.
FROST, WILLIAM, JR.
FYNES, J. AUSTIN.
FYNES, JOHN T.
GREEN, EDWARD E.
GREEN, EDWARD H.
GREEN, G. HOMER.
GUILFORD, M. B.
HALL, SAMUEL R.
HARRIS, WILLIAM I.
HENDRIE, JOSEPH A.
HEYER, FRANK A.
KENDALL, CORREL.
KENDALL, FREDERICK.
KENDALL, GEORGE.
MUDGE, FRANK H.
PATTERSON, ANDREW J.
PORTER, ALBERT W.
SMITH, KIMBALL R.
STUBBS, WILLIAM S.
WHITNEY, ELMER G.

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